

Here are sure to be SOME GAMES YOU DON'T KNOW

By
Martin Thornhill

3-MINUTE THRILLER

By
NIGEL MORLAND

STEALTHY DEATH

IT was providential, in a way, that Mrs. Pym's train arrived late at the Gare du Nord. Just as her taxi drew to a halt outside a hotel on a corner of the Rue de Rivoli, an unknown passer-by extended a peculiar welcome to Paris by falling dead.

Mrs. Pym introduced herself, to receive a flow of Gallic admiration which was nothing to the welcome given her by Inspector Bertrand of the Prefecture de Police when he arrived.

He was desolated that her trip to the Police Conference should begin in this tragic way, but perhaps it was a tribute to her powers. Would she share in the investigation, for, undoubtedly, this was murder most foul.

The invitation was irresistible. At the trim Morgue Mrs. Pym was present after the autopsy was finished.

The corpse was that of a well-preserved man of perhaps fifty, with plump cheeks, a large moustache, and the stamp of the petit bourgeois. Energetic exchanges of notes between the Prefecture and the Surete revealed that the man was Armand Pellissier, a merchant from Marseilles. He was in the city for business reasons; at home his life had been without blemish. He was moderately wealthy, and his only relation in Paris was his eldest son, Jean.

The post-mortem showed that Pellissier had died from a dose of hydrocyanic acid. Mrs. Pym groaned. She was beginning to think that half the world used this poison; the doctor in charge suggested that the surmise indicated a large quantity of the poison, but certainly the acid was present.

"Indubitably this is the poison," he added. "But how would it be consumed? Pellissier had no particular reason to die; if so, then how?"

With Inspector Bertrand, Mrs. Pym visited Jean Pellissier. He was a dentist in the district of the Parc des Expositions, and was enchanted to see them.

No, his father and he had not quarrelled when they met; yes, he admitted he was financially embarrassed—who was not? He was well aware that he was his father's heir.

It was something of an impasse. The post-mortem had shown conclusively that there was hydrocyanic acid in the man's mouth and throat, and that it had indeed been taken. But how could such a thing happen when a man was walking alone along the street?

During the Police Conference, at which executives from all over Europe were present, Mrs. Pym brooded on the problem. Even when she delivered her memorable lecture on "New Systems of Identification," the back of her mind worked at the puzzle of Armand Pellissier.

She decided to visit the Morgue again, going there with Bertrand. The corpse was brought from its little ice-box, and ceremoniously laid on a glass-and-chromium table. Mrs. Pym was invited to study the remains.

This she did, under the faintly sardonic eyes of the doctor in charge, who had typically French views on women's place in life.

His expression changed to admiration at her words.

(Solution on Page 3)



Playing Bat and Trap at "Ye Olde Beverlie" Inn.

A letter from SCOTLAND

ACH, COLOGNE.

ONCE there must have been some Scotsmen around Cologne Cathedral. After the last war I had a glance round Germany, and the guides of that "hallowed vane" left visitors in no doubt as to their status, financial or otherwise. A printed scale of admission charges was prominently displayed—1 mark 50 pf. for the Choir, 1.50 for the Treasury, 1 mark for the Tower. That cash went to the upkeep of the cathedral, but the guides expected their rake-off, and let tourists know, if only by implication, if they had not been generous enough.

Hereafter, if suitably tipped, the same guides, if about, will no doubt be ready to shed a Teutonic tear about "the ruins the R.A.F. have knocked about a bit," and also show, let's hope, the fragmentary remains of the Hohenzollern Bridge nearby, which they described as "the largest and greatest on the Continent."

SAVING GLADSTONE.

WE have no idea what Gladstone said in 1889, but we do know he would have found some appropriate compliment to suit this occasion when "a woman's finger" saved his statue in Edinburgh from serious damage.

A tram car jumped the rails at the east end of George-street and was hell-bent for the statue of the Grand Old Man. But it first of all came in contact with Eloquentia, one of the supporting figures of the memorial.

That woman's hand was sticking out, made contact first with the tram, tore off the front of the top deck, and certainly prevented further damage to the statue. Eloquentia's finger was broken off.

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THE YEARLY ROUND.

FOR no reason whatever, or because, perhaps, you think a "sky pilot" has an easy time of it, here are the details of a minister's yearly round, taken from the Scottish Church publication, "Life and Work". During 1942 sermons prepared and preached, 85; children's addresses, 32; meetings in the congregation, presided at 29; meetings outside the congregation, addressed (including 14 in open-air), 46; church committee meetings attended, 97; services conducted or Bible lessons taught in a school, 18; marriages, 35; funerals, 32; special private interviews, apart from unrecorded callers, 51; preparatory course of lectures, 10 hours per week; visits to congregation members, 983; and letters written, addressed and stamped (including over 1,200 to men and women in the Services), 2,114, while nearly as many were received and read.

The minister is anonymous. If he's yours, he's a great guy.

ROYAL GREETINGS.

A ROYAL telegram of greetings from the King and Queen were received by Mr. and Mrs. Andrew M'Hardy, Rose Cottage, Bucksburn, when they celebrated their diamond wedding. M'Hardy was a native of Glenbuchart, and his wife came from Leochel-Cushnie. They were married on June 9, 1883, and they have had a family of three sons, two of whom are in Canada, six daughters, 30 grandchildren and ten great-grandchildren.

DESPITE the rapid spread of the better-known inn games to remote taverns, the steadfast taste of villagers still keeps alive the ancient sports of still more ancient inns.

Many games that were popular in "Merrie England" have never been forgotten in out-of-the-way places, and when you visit them you can rediscover for yourself the fascination of an hour spent (with a tankard of good ale) on some queer old game you have never played before.

Parlour Skittles, as still played at the "George and Dragon," Potterne, near Devizes, is claimed to be almost identical with the game played by the Romans. The pins used 400 years ago are still going strong. Each is about six inches high and is placed on an ancient table like a huge wooden armchair with a slightly sloping seat.

The "cheeses," made from apple wood, are rolled, bowled or pitched at the pins, and successes are called in a queer old-fashioned jargon.

A rival to Parlour Skittles as Britain's oldest inn game is Ringing the Bull. This is still played at a good many country inns. Not much class as a game, by modern standards, but an excellent means of "planting" on someone the bill for the beer; and that, like the toss of a coin—only much more fun—has been its primary purpose for centuries past.

Sitting with his back to the wall, the player jerks a ring suspended from the ceiling, so that it swings backward on to a hook above his head. The loser stumps up.

Bat and trap

Another game that has added to the chumminess of many an evening over a pot of ale is Bat and Trap. There is, I think, only one tavern in England where the game is still played—"Ye Olde Beverlie," at St. Stephen's, near Canterbury. The inn was built in 1570, and the game has been played there from the day the first drink was served.

For centuries they have been playing Mell at the "Freemasons' Arms," Hampstead, London, one of the few pubs where the game survives. They are so keen about it that a brand new pitch was lately opened.

When Charles II played the game in St. James's Park, it was called "paille maille," and gave its name to Pall Mall, near by. Players wield shafts about 4ft. long, with metal throwing-rings attached. Other rings are fixed in the ground like croquet hoops, and the object is to lob through the hoops a 10lb. ball.

These are less-known games of the inns. What are the better-known? Most of them have a story well worth the telling. Take Darts. Twenty to

thirty years ago it was considered a dangerous game, and few people would buy it or play it.

To-day about 3,000,000 darts are sold every year; there are 12,000 clubs, with a membership of 750,000. Over 4,000 people flock to Olympia to see a championship match. After years of popularity the game is taking on some novel variations; at Maidstone two teams recently played a match by 'phone.

Darts began with Archery—once an essential item in the education of every young man who wished to cut a conspicuous masculine figure in life. Heroes of romance were praised for their skill with the bow. If a man was "a good archer," that was good enough for most people.

Women spotted—the deers!

But the sport of archery was not confined to males. Women played it, too, though special rules were framed for their benefit.

Deer were confined in large enclosures, and were driven in succession from the covers to the stands, whence the fair "marksmen" might take potshots at the beasts without the boher of rousing and pursuing them.

In time archery waned, but the taverns carried it on in the modified form from which we get our present game.

If darts is an old game, marbles is hoary with age—its origin lost in the mists of antiquity. It was played in ancient Egypt thousands of years ago. There are specimens in the British Museum, and the small stone spheres continually found among our own neolithic remains are probably relics of the game as played in the Stone Age.

There are still marble clubs and championships. Every Good Friday, before a crowd of some 2,000 fans, the national championship is contested by teams from all over England on a "flipping site" at the "Greyhound Inn," Tinsley Green, near Crawley, Sussex. On this cherished spot the game has been played for 350 years.

What of Shove-Ha'penny? Without the "shovel-board table," residences of the nobility were once thought insufficiently furnished. It was usually stationed in the Great Hall, and much skilled labour went to its construction, which is not surprising, seeing that a shovel-board of Shakespeare's time was over ten yards long

and consisted of 260 pieces, each 18 inches in length.

The game was played then in much the same way as now. There are few south of England inns without their shove-ha'penny board, often brought to such perfection by a painstaking landlord that specimens have become worth as much as £25, if sold, but many times that sum to the inn. Contests are held before large audiences.

One final was watched by 2,000 people. Four years ago the B.B.C. specially televised a match.

A kingly game

English dominoes is a game of fairly recent vintage, imported from France, where it had been played for centuries. But modern chess, even in England, has been played for at least 900 years.

Traced back to the Indians and Persians, the game subsequently came to Italy and Spain, then to Germany and northern Europe. How it reached Britain is not exactly a history-book tale.

It is said that William of Normandy, while playing chess with the French king, got huffy at having always to let the King win, and threw the board at His Majesty, whereupon William wisely fled the country. Perhaps that is how he found his way to England, and not, as some books tell us, because, in a moment of boyish enthusiasm, the English sovereign apparent had promised him England's throne.

But there are signs that the Romans had previously brought the game here in some form. At many points on the old Roman roads you find inns with the Chequers sign, probably innkeepers along the Roman ways used to hang out a chess-board to induce travellers to come in and "have one," along with a game. One of these old stone chess-boards is preserved at the Chedworth Roman villa in the Cotswolds.

Draughts is not so old as chess, coming in the Middle Ages from France, where the game was called Les Dames. In England the name was altered to Draughts, signifying the drawing of men from one square to another.

Before pianos came to the taverns, the music of the hostilities was provided by "Professors of minstrelsy." Raier, one of these, and also minstrel to Henry I, plied his trade so well that he accumulated an enviable fortune.

THE NAVY AND RUGGER By the Old Tough

TALKING of the Service and Rugby football, my mind goes back to the last international before the last war. This took place at Inverleith between England and Scotland. It was a memorable high-scoring match, in which England looked all-over winners. Scotland rallied in dazzling fashion and nearly overhauled their opponents, but in doing so wore themselves out, and the English XV, putting on an extra spurt, won a great match.

It was a grand game from every point of view, full of brilliant combined and individual efforts by the backs, and severe and hard scrummaging by the forwards.

So severe and keen were these scrums that the incidents which still remain most vividly in my mind were the complete and frequent collapses of both packs, and as they sorted themselves painfully out from the tangle, last, and from the very bottom of this struggling mass of hefty humanity, would appear the smiling cherubic face of young Oakley, the England and Navy scrum-half.

What a grand little player

he was, cram full of "guts," always smiling and stealing away with the ball in the most guileless, yet bewildering manner.

One of the early contributions by the Navy to the England XV was an Engineer Officer, Lapage. Writing, without a book of reference, and standing open to correction, I think he scored two tries and very nearly a third against Scotland in the last international ever played at Richmond.

Lapage had a most eccentric snipe-like run, in fact, we christened him "the snipe," and for twenty or thirty yards he was like a streak of ziz-zag lightning, and left his opponent grasping the empty air; for, like the "demned elusive Pimpernel," he wasn't where he seemed to be.

His looks betrayed him, too, for he appeared rather delicate and fragile for rough rugger. As a matter of fact, he was all wire and whipcord, and, being very light on his feet, a severe tackle seemed to have the same effect as water on a duck's back; he just shook it off and went on his way unperturbed.

AN ALARM-ed BELLE?



M. G. M. starlet Ann Rutherford isn't going to be caught napping. So lay off. The bell rings if you try an invasion.

Periscope Page

QUIZ for today

1. What is the lowest possible temperature?
2. Who wrote (a) "The Innocence of Father Brown," (b) "The Innocents Abroad"?
3. Which of the following is an "intruder," and why: Potato, Cauliflower, Beetroot, Bullace, Parsnip, Cabbage?
4. How much must a heavy-weight boxer weigh?
5. What and where is the Appian Way?
6. What is saloop?
7. What is meant by rodomontade?
8. What is chicory?
9. Who was Mrs. Caudle?
10. Coleoptera is the Natural Order comprising—the wasps, beetles, butterflies, scorpions, crabs, cuttlefish?
11. Who founded Harvard University?
12. What is a samovar?

Answers to Quiz in No. 112

1. (a) An obsolete Spanish coin, (b) a pair of breeches.
2. (a) Lawrence Sterne, (b) Matthew Arnold.
3. Samlet is a young salmon; the others are birds.
4. Tamesis.
5. The border districts of England and Wales.
6. The breeding of silkworms.
7. The science of poisons.
8. Hobart.
9. Chief character in Galsworthy's "Forsyte Saga."
10. A 400th anniversary.
11. A.D. 900.
12. A lighthouse.

ALLIED PORTS

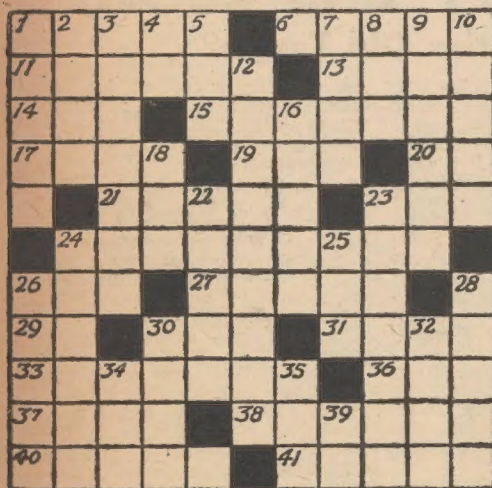
Guess the name of this ALLIED PORT from the following clue to its letters.

My first's in SHERRY, not GINGER-POP.
My second's in JERRY, but not in WOP.
My third's in HUDSON, but not in KITE.
My fourth's in SAILING, but not in FLIGHT.
My fifth is in TEXAS, not TEM-BUCTOO.
My sixth's in BOLONEY and BALLYHOO.

(Answer on Page 3)

Hell is full of good meanings and wishings.
George Herbert
(1593-1633).

CROSSWORD CORNER



CLUES ACROSS.

- 1 Ruminant.
- 6 Obligations.
- 11 Starting-point.
- 13 Female animal.
- 14 Coal receptacle.
- 15 School master.
- 17 Falls behind.
- 19 Encountered.
- 20 Anno Domini.
- 21 Garden plant.
- 23 Insect.
- 24 Memoranda.
- 26 Craft.
- 27 Adhesive mixture.
- 29 Leg side.
- 30 Proper.
- 31 Battery unit.
- 33 Wrote.
- 36 Expanse of water.
- 37 Loyal.
- 38 Monkey-like.
- 40 In a wily way.
- 41 Fruit.

CLUES DOWN.

- 1 Fishing boat.
- 2 Melody.
- 3 Mixed.
- 4 For example.
- 5 Cover.
- 7 Send out.
- 8 Veto.
- 9 Tests.
- 10 Shabby.
- 12 Proposes.
- 16 Repairs.
- 18 Total.
- 22 Small bird.
- 23 Bulbous plant.
- 24 Brook.
- 25 And the rest.
- 26 Seethes.
- 28 Tall tree.
- 30 Pervade.
- 32 Jump.
- 34 Space of time.
- 35 Poke.
- 39 Male title.

SCAN FADING
OPERATIVE
PRATER TYNE
OAR DEAT M
ALTER NOOSE
C LEAD RUN
HACKS EBBED
ERA EASE E
RIBAND APED
SECTIONAL
PERT TROLLS

The Baron Creates a New High SOARING ON EAGLE'S WINGS



I TOLD you how I appeased my hunger by eating from the roast beef plant while the eagles which had brought me from England across Africa and the Atlantic ocean to the American shores rested.

I shall now tell you how I assuaged my thirst by as ready a means.

I had observed a large fruit, like an inflated bladder, growing near. Striking my knife into one of them, a fine pure liquor like Hollands gin poured out, which the eagles observing, they eagerly drank up from the ground.

I cut down a bladder, drank the fluid, and was greatly refreshed.

By this time the eagles began to stagger against the shrubs. I endeavoured to keep my seat, but was soon thrown to some distance among the bushes. In attempting to rise, I put my hand upon a large hedgehog, which happened to lie among the grass upon its back. It instantly closed round my hand, so that I found it impossible to shake it off. I struck it several times against the ground without effect; but while I was thus employed I heard a rustling among the shrubbery, and looking up, I saw a huge animal within three yards of me.

I could make no defence, but held out both my hands, when it rushed upon me, and seized that on which the hedgehog was fixed. My hand being soon relieved, I ran to some distance, where I saw the creature suddenly drop down and expire with the hedgehog in its throat.

A Bird Out of Hand

When the danger was past, I went to view the eagles, and found them lying on the grass fast asleep, being intoxicated with the liquor they had drank.

Indeed, I found myself considerably elevated by it.

Seeing everything quiet, I began to search for some more, which I soon found, and, having cut down two large bladders, about a gallon each, I tied them together, and hung them over the neck of the other eagle. Two smaller ones I tied with a cord round my own waist.

Having secured a good stock of provisions, and perceiving the eagles begin to recover, I again took my seat.

In half an hour they arose majestically from the place, without taking the least notice of their encumbrance—each reassumed its former station, and, directing their course to the northward, they crossed the Gulf of Mexico, entered North America, and steered directly for the Polar regions, which gave me the finest opportunity of viewing this vast continent that can possibly be imagined.

Flying High

Before we entered the frigid zone, the cold began to affect me, but, piercing one of my bladders, I took a draught, and found that it could make no impression on me afterwards.

By this time I was so reconciled to my seat, and become such an expert rider, that I could sit up and look around me, but in general I lay along the eagle's neck, grasping it in my arms, with my hands immersed in its feathers, in order to keep them warm.

In these cold climates I observed that the eagles flew with greater rapidity, in order, I suppose, to keep their blood in circulation. In passing Baffin's Bay I saw several large Greenlandmen to the eastward, and many surprising mountains of ice in those seas.

Large Lumps of Cloud

While I was surveying these wonders of nature, I was alarmed by the first eagle striking its head against a solid transparent substance, and in a moment that which I rode experienced the same fate. Both fell down seemingly dead.

No sooner did I perceive the eagles strike against the frozen cloud, which is very common near the poles, than I laid myself along the back of the foremost and took hold of its wings to keep them extended, at the same time stretching out my legs behind to support the wings of the other.

This had the desired effect, and we descended very safe on a mountain of ice, which I supposed to be about three miles above the level of the sea.

I dismounted, unloaded the eagles, and administered some of the liquor to each of them, without once considering that the horrors of destruction seemed to have conspired against me.

The roaring of waves, crashing of ice, and the howling of bears, conspired to form a scene the most awful and tremendous; but notwithstanding this, my concern for the recovery of the eagles was so great, that I was insensible of the danger to which I was exposed.

Having rendered them every assistance in my power, I stood over them in painful anxiety, fully sensible that it was only by means of them that I could possibly be delivered from these abodes of despair.

Enter the Bear Again

But suddenly a monstrous bear began to roar behind me, with a voice like thunder. I turned round, and, seeing the creature just ready to devour me, having the bladder of liquor in my hands, through fear I squeezed it so hard that it burst, and the liquor, flying in the eyes of the animal, totally deprived it of sight.

It instantly turned from me, ran away in a state of distraction, and soon fell over a precipice of ice into the sea, where I saw it no more.

The danger being over, I again turned my attention to the eagles, whom I found in a fair way of recovery, and suspecting that they were faint for want of victuals, I took one of the beef fruits, cut it into small slices, and presented them with it, which they devoured with avidity.

Having given them plenty to eat and drink, and disposed of the remainder of my provision, I took possession of my seat as before.

After composing myself, and adjusting everything in the best manner, I began to eat and drink very heartily, and through the effects of the mountain, as I called it, was very cheerful. I began to sing a few verses of a song which

I had learned when I was a boy.

They Had Their Heads Turned

But the noise soon alarmed the eagles, who had been asleep, through the quantity of liquor which they had drank, and they arose seemingly much terrified. Happily for me, however, when I was feeding them I had accidentally turned their heads towards the south-east, which course they pursued with a rapid motion.

In a few hours I saw the western isles, and soon after had the inexpressible pleasure of seeing Old England.

The eagles descended gradually as they drew near the shore, intending, as I supposed, to alight on one of the Welsh mountains.

Continued on Page 3.

FILM STARS

T	O	G	A	H	E
C	U	R	S	L	T
L	U	O	B	E	Y
G	R	M	N	B	R
B	A	A	O	R	R
M	R	R	P	U	Y

Here are some well-known film stars, their letters in the correct columns, but not in the right lines? Can you find them? (Answers to-morrow)

TO-DAY'S PICTURE QUIZ



These women are—washing clothes, sorting flour bags, dyeing, or maybe shaking carpets. What is your guess? Answer to Picture Quiz in No. 112: Icicles.

MIXED DOUBLES

Jumbles of pairs of things, words or people often phrased together, such as DUCKS and DRAKES, BUBBLE and SQUEAK, etc.

- (a) ONCE HE IS ONE.
- (b) THE HAG'S LID.

(Answers on Page 3)

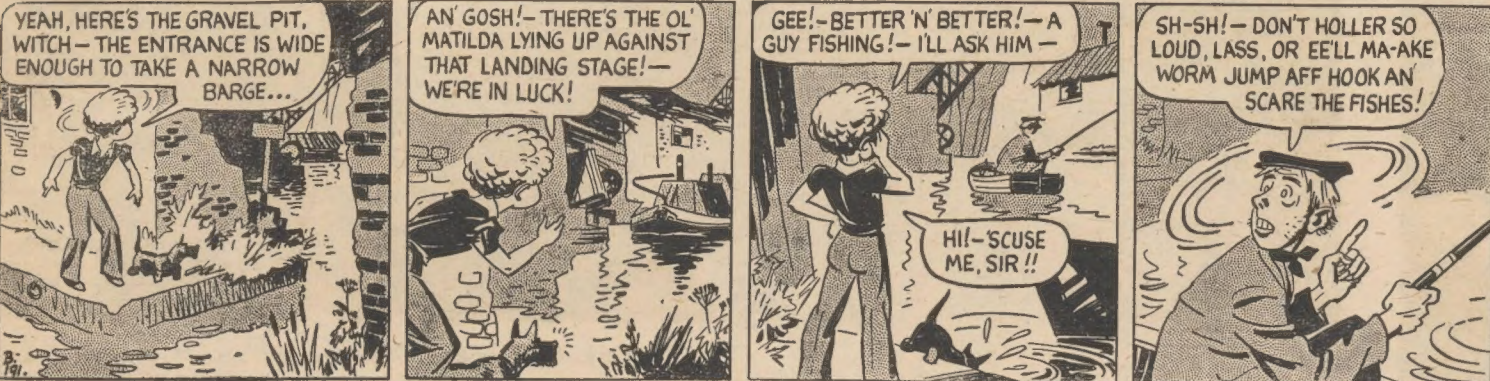
JANE



Beelzebub Jones



Belinda



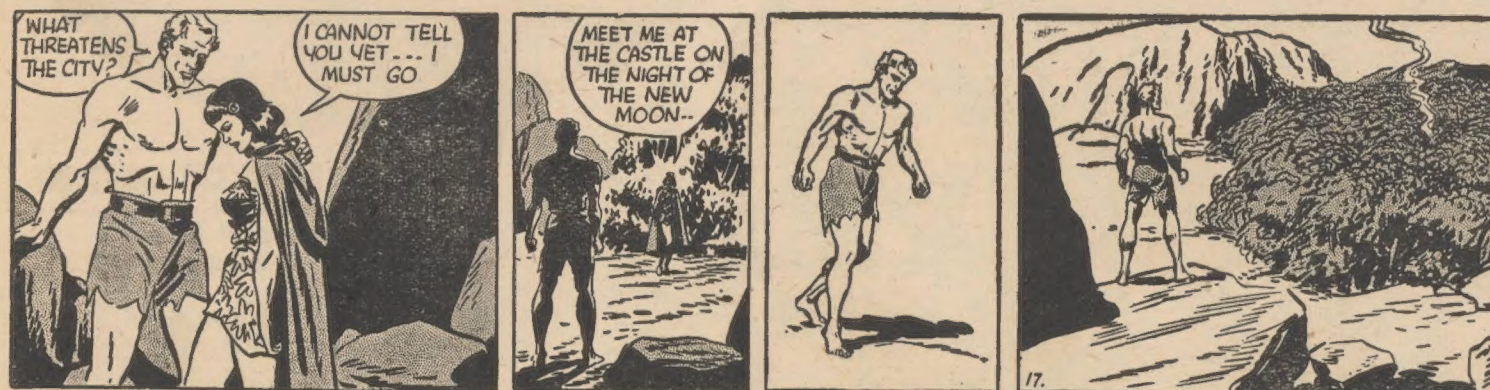
Popeye



Ruggles



Garth



BARON MUNCHAUSEN

Continued from Page 2.

But when they came to the distance of about sixty yards, two guns were fired at them, loaded with balls, one of which hit a bladder of liquor that hung to my waist. The other entered the breast of the foremost eagle, who fell to the ground, while that which I rode, having received no injury, flew away with amazing swiftness.

To Margate by Golden Eagle

This circumstance alarmed me exceedingly, and I began to think it was impossible for me to escape with my life. But recovering a little, I once more looked down upon the earth, and, to my inexpressible joy, saw Margate at a little distance. The eagle descended on the old tower whence it had carried me on the morning of the day before.

It no sooner came down than I threw myself off, happy to find that I was once more restored to the world. The eagle flew away in a few minutes, and I sat down to compose my fluttering spirits, which I did in a few hours.

I soon paid a visit to my friends and related these adventures. Amazement stood in every countenance; their congratulations on my returning in safety were repeated with an unaffected degree of pleasure, and we

passed the evening every person present paying the highest compliments to my courage and veracity.

Solution to Allied Ports.

Answers to Mixed Doubles.
(a) CHEESE & ONION.
(b) LIGHT & SHADE.

Answer to WHO IS IT?
JACK (Mind My Bike) WARNER.

SOLUTION TO 3-MINUTE THRILLER

"You may arrest Jean Pellisier," she said, after her examination. When the cries of astonishment were ended, she added quickly: "The dead man combined business with pleasure. His tooth was stopped while visiting his son. There is a tooth with a drilled hole in it, yet no stopping. I think Jean Pellisier filled the hole with hydrocyanic acid crystals, covering it with some substance

which saliva would dissolve by the time his parent was well away from the surgery. This, Jean thought, would prove a good alibi. . . . Her suggestion that the obvious was usually right did not soothe the doctor, who felt that he should have found the hole for himself at the autopsy. Faced with the facts, Jean Pellisier confessed. His financial worries had brought him to murder.

Music Has Colour

By ANDRE THORNWOOD

THEY have discovered that music has colour; indeed, almost every noise, or sound, has colour. And there are persons who automatically associate colour with sounds, from the "black" thunderstorm to the silver of a summer shower. They call this chromaesthesia.

Even words, it seems, conjure up colours to the minds of people who are afflicted or gifted with chromaesthesia. Records lately taken of people in a dentist's chair reveal that some people even see colour in pain. There are such things as purple headaches, grey toothaches and blue aches.

Now you know that it is scientifically correct to say one is "in the blues."

Dr. Myers, the great British psychologist, was one of the first to suspect that colour was associated with music and sound. He examined Alexander Scriabin, the famous musician, and found that to Scriabin notes conveyed colour. In his "Prometheus," the note C major represented red, D major represented orange, A major was yellow, and so on.

The flats in the composer's mind represented many colours to his ear, and he was quite sure that the colours had their "over-colours" just as notes have over-tones.

BRIGHT MUSIC.

It was at a concert in Paris that this discovery was made by Scriabin. He startled a friend by saying, when F sharp major was struck, "That is a beautiful over-tone of violet."

But to his surprise his friend—Rimsky-Korsakoff—replied, "I hear it as bright green." And he was serious at that.

This is one of the peculiarities of chromaesthesia. Two people may disagree on the colours of the sound, but they both realise that colour is there.

A child may talk of a "white" feeling when he means that he is highly fevered. A dog's bark may sound deep brown to another child.

AND DARK SOUNDS.

Indeed, children often speak in colour when they refer to noises. Take, for instance, the exclamation often heard by children, "The black storm!" Yet there may be nothing but the noise of the wind.

There is in U.S.A. a musician who is now engaged in working out a scheme whereby an audience may see the colours of the music of an orchestra. The idea is to throw the colours on a screen as the tune is played. But whether the future will see music taught by colour is not so certain of development.

It is known that certain drugs, such as hashish, produce colours in sounds, and especially in music. Harmony is usually connected with the more delicate colours; and it is a well-known fact that when people are fatigued their vitality can be restored by music, which gives them a sense of pleasant colour.

But the study of chromaesthesia is only beginning, and it may be that in the future the deaf will enjoy music by seeing its colours.

The theory underlying all this is that the world is full of vibrations, and that the atmosphere is filled with a gigantic living paint-box which is set in motion by sound. It is connected with the belief of theosophists that the universe is a "vast organ" of living sounds.

ANIMAL STORY

By F. W. THOMAS

A very good example of animal intelligence comes from Colonel Gurk, late of the Jubbulpore Rifles. While serving at Poona, Colonel Gurk met an elephant who had toothache, and when an elephant's tooth aches, it aches, and no mucking about.

Well, the Colonel cured this toothache by giving the pachyderm several pounds of opium, and the elephant didn't forget. Having licked his preserver's hand, he went on with his job in the local circus. But he didn't forget. Oh, no!

ELEPHANTS NEVER FORGET.

Twenty years later, when the Colonel was on half-pay, and the cost of living had gone up to twenty-three bob a bottle, he went to a circus in Peckham, and there was his elephant, standing on a box and conducting the orchestra.

Suddenly the music ceased. The elephant turned round, spotted the Colonel in the six-penny seats, grabbed him by the slack of his pants, lifted him out, and dropped him in the front row of the stalls, five-and-ninepence, including tax.

Which shows you that it pays to be kind to animals.

Good Morning

All communications to be addressed to: "Good Morning," C/o Press Division, Admiralty, London, S.W.1.

WHAT! LAMB FOR SAIL?



Nothing like "taking the lead" at an early age. At any rate that is what young Malcolm Hobbs thinks as he gives a hand on his father's farm.



This England

Surely the words "Silver Strand" could never be more appropriate than to this lovely view of Cadgwith, Cornwall. Within a very short distance of The Lizard, its rugged coast is often storm-tossed. Here it looks the picture of serenity



Ann-Miller, Columbia star, displays high spirits



SHIP'S CAT SIGNS OFF

"Lummy, is she a windmill girl?"

